

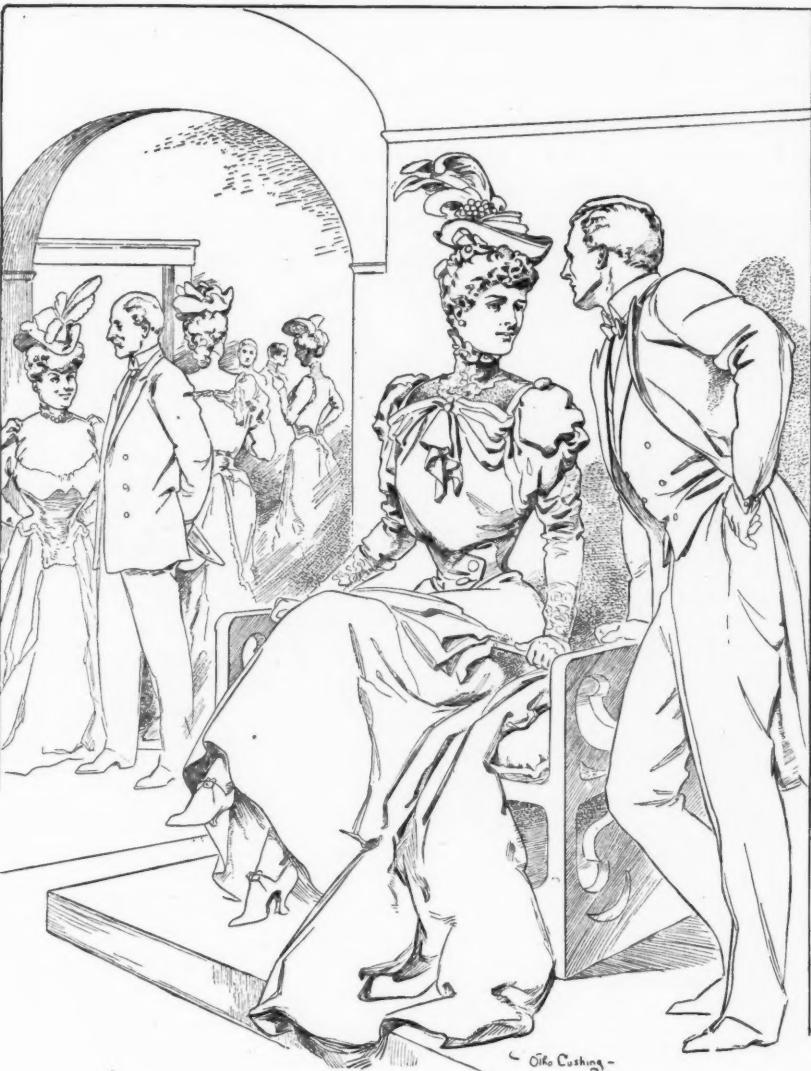
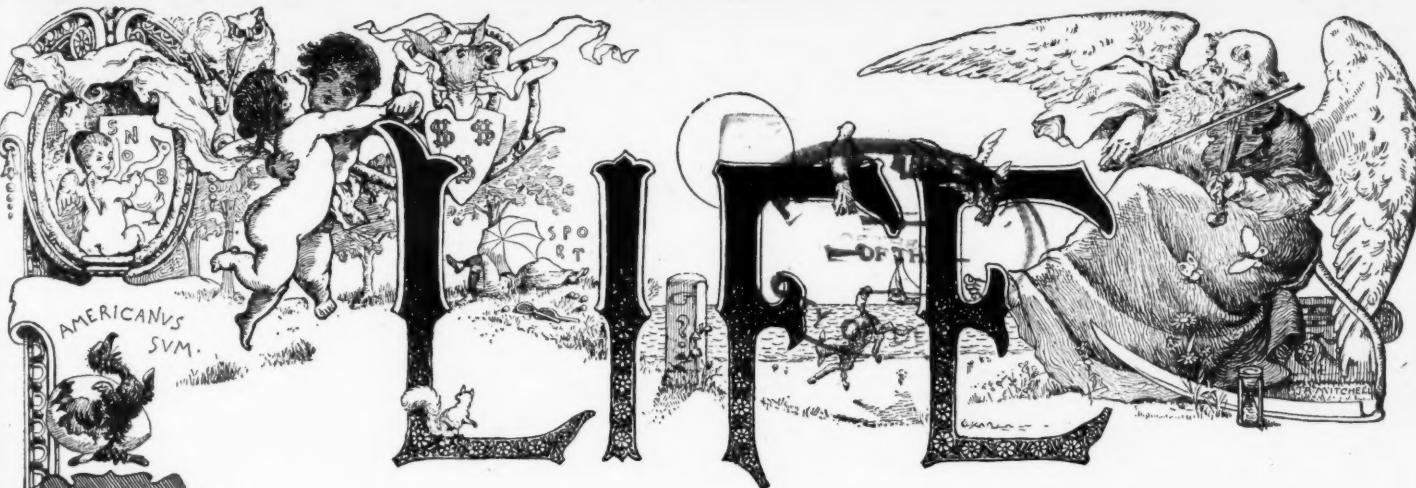
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"I THINK HE MUST BE. HE HAS DESERTED THE SMART SET."

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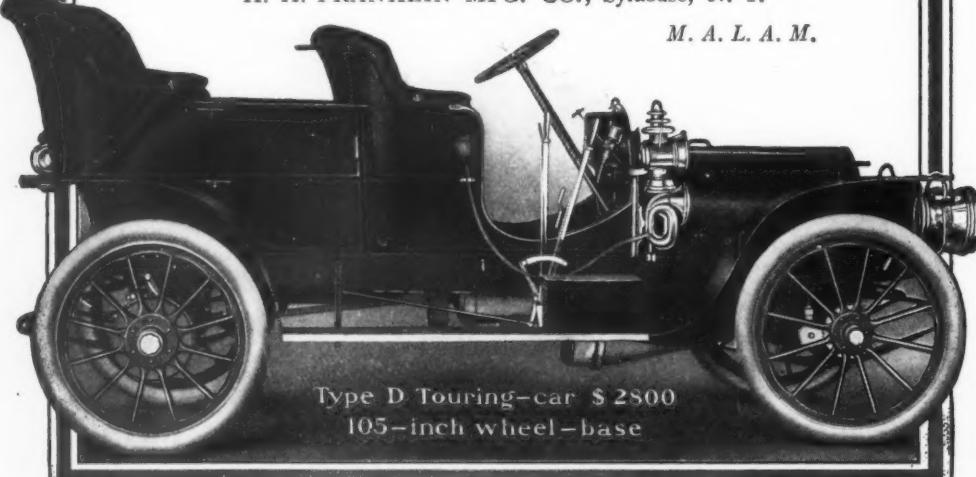
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## Some Oddities About Sleep

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY called sleep "the poor man's wealth;" but it is more, it is the health of both poor and rich. Notwithstanding this, there have been a great many men who have gone through life, reaching old age, with a small average number of hours of sleep.

Frederick of Prussia and Napoleon usually devoted only three or four hours to sleep out of the twenty-four, and both of these men often went for remarkably long periods of time without so much as closing their eyes. Bishop Taylor never took more than three hours of sleep a day, and Richard Baxter considered four hours out of the twenty-four enough for any man. Seven hours is the time spent in sleep by the average man.

One of the modes of torture practised by the Chinese was that of putting some of their victims to death by preventing sleep. Guards were stationed in relays to keep the prisoner awake. Death came as a relief in from ten to twenty days.

The use of certain sets of muscles does not hinder sleep. Couriers on long journeys often have been known to sleep in the saddle. The soldiers of Sir John Moore during the retreat to Corunna slept steadily while they marched. It is said that Dr. Franklin slept for nearly an hour while swimming on his back.

The following novel calculation has been made: Suppose one boy ten years of age determines to get up at five o'clock every morning. Another boy of the same age determines to rise at eight o'clock. If they both live to be seventy years old, the first will have gained over the second during the intervening period of sixty years sixty-six thousand hours, or just seven and a half years.—*New York Tribune*.

Oranges, Grapefruit, Tangerines, famous Indian River fruit, finest grown, sweet and fresh, direct from grove to you. Oranges, \$5 box; Grapefruit, \$6 box; delivered by fast express. Southern Fruit Company, Main Office, Jacksonville, Fla.

## Varying Aspirations

"IT USED to be the height of my ambition to own an automobile," said the worried-looking man.

"And what is the height of your ambition now?"

"To get rid of it."—*Washington Star*.

THEODORE BILLROTH, the eminent Viennese surgeon, lecturing to his class in a medical school, said that a doctor needed two gifts—he must be free from any tendency toward nausea and he must be a good observer. He then poured a nauseous fluid into a glass, dipped one of his fingers into it and licked it off, whereupon he invited the students to follow his example. Without flinching they did so. With a broad grin the surgeon looked at them and said: "You have stood the first test brilliantly. Not so the second, for none of you observed that I dipped my first finger into the glass, but licked the second!"—*Argonaut*.



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"A SYMPATHETIC STRIKE"

#### The Fat of the Land

THE incomparable Dooley, in his "Dissertations," which the Harpers have just published, takes up, with his ever-delightful humor, among a host of other subjects, one that is near the heart of many a woman:

"Well, 'tis a strange thing. Near ivrybody I know is thryin' to rayjooce his weight. Why shud a woman want to be thin unless she is thin? Th' idee iv female beauty that all gr-eat men, fr'm Julius Caesar to meself, has held is much more like a bar'l thin a clothes-pole. Hogan tells me that Alexander's wife an' Caesar's missus was no lightweights; Martha Wash'nton was short but pleasantly dumpy, an' Andrew Jackson's good woman weighed two hundred an' smoked a pipe. Hogan says that all th' potes he knows was in love with, not to say fat, but ample, ladies. Th' potes thimselves was thin, but th' ladies was chubby. A pote, whin he has wurruked all day at th' type-writer, wants to rest his head on a shoulder that won't hurt. Shakespeare's wife was thin, an' they quarreled. Th' lady that th' Eyetalian pote Danty made a fool iv himself about was no skel-ton. All th' pitchers iv beautiful women I've ever see had manny curves an' sivil chins. Th' phottygraft iv Mary Queen iv Scots that I have in me room shows that she tuk on weight after she had her dhress made. Th' collar looks to be chokin' her."

#### A Singer's Repartee

WHEN Mme. Grisi and Signor Mario were singing in opera at St. Petersburg the prima donna used to promenade daily with her three little girls.

One day the late Emperor Nicholas met them on the Nevskii Prospekt and greeted Grisi with, "Madam, I see you are airing your gri-settes." To which the singer quickly responded:

"Nay, sire; they are my Mario-nettes." — *New York Tribune*.

**D**ID he succeed in elevating the moral tone of politics, as he started out to do?"

"No; but he did very well. He got out without entirely sacrificing his own conscience." — *Washington Star*.

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FOUNDED 1840

Supply at lowest prices  
the rarest Perfumes of  
the world's makers, for  
many of whom they are  
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Write for Price-list

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"Mountain Dew"

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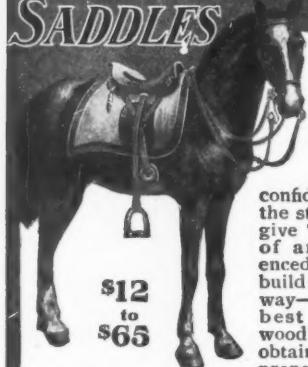
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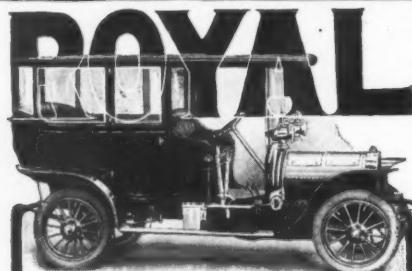
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#### ORIGIN OF \$

IT WAS NOT SO MUCH THE FLAVOR OF THE APPLE AS THE FORM THE SERPENT TOOK WHICH WAS IRRESISTIBLE.

"A Man is known  
BY THE CANDY he sends"



OF COURSE  
IT'S  
*Saylor's*  
SHE WANTS



#### Signs of a Hard Winter

THAT the coming winter is going to be the hardest one for the past twenty years there is an abundance of signs to show, and among them it may be mentioned that:

The corn husks are a foot and a half thick, and all the stalks lean to the west.

The geese, ducks and chickens are growing a coat of fur under their feathers, and are rubbing borax on their feet to harden them up.

All the one-eyed owls are leaving the country a month earlier than usual, and the bob-tailed

# SMITH & WESSON

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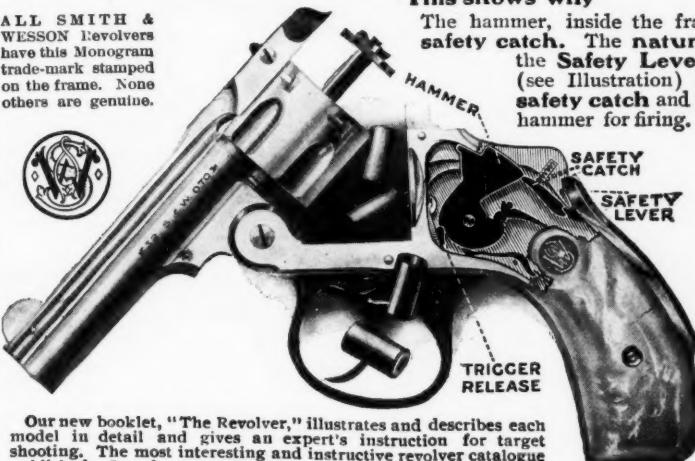
#### This shows why

The hammer, inside the frame, is always locked by the safety catch. The natural pressure of the hand upon the Safety Lever in the back of the handle (see Illustration) is the only way to lift the safety catch and permit the trigger to raise the hammer for firing. The safety lever and trigger must act at the same instant. To discharge this arm otherwise than deliberately is an impossibility—and

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**SMITH & WESSON, 42 Stockbridge Street, Springfield, Mass.**  
Pacific Coast Branch, 1346 Park Street, Alameda, Cal.

squirrels are laying in sweet potatoes, as well as nuts, for winter provisions.

The farmer who has taken the trouble to investigate has found that all the toadstools on the old logs have wrinkles in them. The last time that this happened we had winter weather that froze the handles of plows.

Rabbits are sitting around with a humped-up look to them, and field mice have wrinkles in their tails. If this means anything, it means twenty degrees below zero from November through to May.—*Tyrone (Pa.) Herald*.

#### A Satisfactory Explanation

**DISTRACTED MOTHER (at her daughter's wedding):** Oh! oh! oh! What shall we do? The groom hasn't come, the guests are beginning to giggle and my daughter is in a faint!

**FRIEND OF THE FAMILY:** Calm yourself, madam. I saw the groom, only two hours ago, entering the Great Dry Goods Emporium at the corner. He said he had forgotten to get gloves.

(Suddenly breaking into smiles): "Oh, then, it's all right. He's probably waiting for his change."—*New York Weekly*.

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"Why They Married?"

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### "Universal"

#### Percolating Coffee Machine

Beautiful, durable, serviceable. The "Universal" makes a most useful and appropriate Christmas gift.

It is the quick, simple and convenient way of making coffee for any occasion, that is easily distinguished by its delicious aroma, by its fine flavor, by the absence of the bitter taste caused by boiling and by the perfect freedom with which those can drink it who cannot drink boiled coffee.

A daily reminder of the thoughtfulness of the giver.

The body is made of one piece of copper, heavily nickel plated, lined with coating of pure tin, inseparable from base, convenient to handle. Three sizes—4, 6 and 9 cups. Price \$8.50 up.

May we send you our free booklet? It fully describes the "Universal" principle of filtering the water through the coffee before the boiling point is reached. It is worth the cost of a postal to know how to get the best out of coffee.

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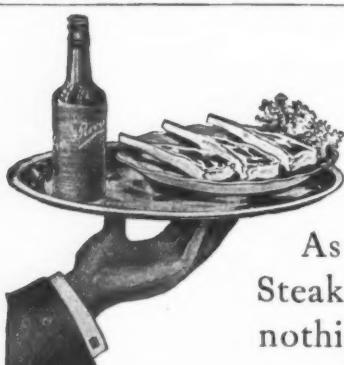
It is the special favorite of the refined and cultured musical public on account of its unsurpassed tone-quality, unequalled durability, elegance of design and finish. Catalogue mailed on application.

THE SOHMER-CECILIAN INSIDE PLAYER  
SURPASSES ALL OTHERS

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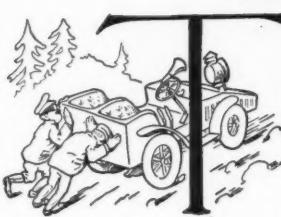
John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N. Y.

# LIFE



THE GUILTY CONSCIENCE

## Chauffeurs



HERE ought to be a moral-character qualification for chauffeurs. The idea of letting such a thing as the current fast automobile go out and run on the public road in charge of such a thing as the common fast chauffeur is infinitely preposterous.

It has just been in the papers how six chauffeurs coming home in a motor car from a chauffeurs' dance stopped to assault a cabman, and how one of them was run over by mistake and killed. Also how Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes's chauffeur got drunk at Noroton and ran amuck to Stamford in a big motor car. There are such stories daily.

Mr. Stokes is a decent man and would not employ a desperado as chauffeur if he knew in time what his moral qualities were. It is hard to tell beforehand about a chauffeur's moral qualities. Most owners find out afterward, and then, instead of having the man put somewhere where his chances for doing mischief would be restricted, they merely discharge him.

Without question the chauffeurs that are dangerous to the public ought to be drowned, like so many mad dogs. Because of the difficulty of picking out the dangerous ones the safe way would be to drown all the chauffeurs and then permit

resuscitation of a limited number who could prove that they were not dangerous. The burden of proof that any given chauffeur is not dangerous ought certainly to lie with the chauffeur. How can the public tell? It can't.

This plan, as will be observed, differs only in detail from that used by General Garlington and the President in protecting the public from the bad members of certain companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry. But the Garlington plan contained no provision for resuscitation of the good ones.

## Rough on the Veterans

THE papers say that the W. C. T. U. has got the Governor of Maine to order the closing of the canteen at the Soldiers' Home at Togus, Me. The 2,500 veterans at Togus are from sixty to ninety years old now. How can those unfeeling women have the heart to drive them away from the restricted beer of the canteen to the criminal whisky of the outside dives?

Why meddle at all with them and their canteen beer? It seems a rather brutal piece of foolishness; though rather more brutal, though not more foolish, than the assaults of these women upon the army canteen. The age of the veterans entitles them to more considerate treatment from the Governor than to be turned over for regulation to a lot of female temperance fanatics.

## Slander

Great sums were spent in lavish entertainments and a fortune went in reproducing the retreat of Louis XIV, the home of the infamous Mme. de Maintenon. Boni became known as the modern Tiberius.—*New York Evening Sun*.

WHY traduce at this late day the most respectable (if not the only respectable) lady of Louis's Court! And Tiberius, too. He has always been admitted to be a great administrator, and his latest biographer holds the stories of his misdoings at Capri to have been lies, and very improbable lies because absolutely out of keeping with his character.

## You Can Get

AT Ann Arbor—co-education; beau-education.

At Yale and Harvard—row-education.

At West Point—foe-education.

At Annapolis—blow-education.

At Carlisle—Lo-education.

At Johns Hopkins—Poe-education.

At Agricultural College—hoe-education; mow-education.

At Domestic Science School—sew-education; dough-education.

At Dramatic School—show-education.

At "Finishing" School—no-education.

At ? Colleges—know-education.

## The Consultation

FIRST DOCTOR: Is this operation absolutely necessary?

SECOND DOCTOR: It is. The only possible chance we have of collecting our bill is from his life-insurance!



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVIII. DEC. 8, 1906. No. 1258.  
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



IT MAY be that the Devil is more popular, as it is, than he should be, but there is no doubt that he has an opportunity of a lifetime to endear himself to all Christendom by flying away with Leopold, King of the Belgians. Public opinion is very unfavorable to Leopold. His personal morals are unmentionable except in the wicked French comic papers which find in them a constant source of the species of gayety which they purvey. In all the relations of domestic life Leopold has been true to himself and a curse to his folks. Nevertheless, he has held his job, made a huge fortune and got out of life the kind of enjoyment that he affects.

What has made him a special subject of international execration is that he is the proprietor of the Congo Independent State in Africa and the responsible projector of cruelties and horrors in connection with his rubber business there which are so preposterously awful that they have been a world scandal for some years past. Everybody has read more or less about them. They include wholesale cannibalism by King Leopold's savage employees; murders incalculable; cutting off hands and feet of men, women and children pressed into the service of the King's rubber company, and thus horribly punished for failure to bring in the quantity of rubber that Leopold's representatives have required. Most of us have seen the photographs of many of Leopold's African victims, and know something about the grounds on which it has been calculated that his Congo enterprise has cost between a million and a half and three millions of human lives. More enthusiastic computers run

the total up to fifteen millions. Whatever the right figures are, Leopold's reputation as an exterminator is far ahead of that of any other living man.

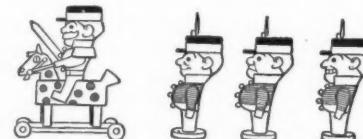


THE British Government gave notice last month that unless matters mended in the Congo, King Leopold's doings there would promptly become matter for international action. That may do some good, but higher hopes of improvement attend the news that a troupe of American altruists, headed by Mr. Thomas Ryan, has made a deal with Leopold which lets them into the Congo rubber and mining industries on an enormous scale. We read of a Rockefeller and an Aldrich as associates of Mr. Ryan in his new enterprise, names fit to carry reassurance to the British Baptist Missionary Society, the voice of which was raised the other night in London in protest against the monstrous Leopold and all his works. Some Guggenheims, too, are reported to be participants in the mining end of the Ryan companies' labors. With these enterprising and benevolent gentlemen deeply interested in Congo development, it seems entirely warrantable to look for a vast improvement in conditions there. They will, doubtless, get the rubber and the minerals and will try hard to make some money, but the cannibals and the murderers and the mutilators will hardly thrive under their administration. At any rate, they have got access to one of the finest missionary fields left in the world, and it will be exceedingly interesting to observe how they will go to work to cultivate it.



THERE has been pretty general dissatisfaction with the discharge, without honor, of the three companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry (colored) which were implicated in the shooting-up of Brownsville. The injustice that the President, by his order, is held to have done these colored troops is precisely of the sort that it was contrary to his character and professions to do. He is about

the last man in the country who would consciously deny justice to colored troops. Undoubtedly, the President believes his action has been right. At this writing his final explanation—if there is to be one—has not yet appeared, but it is plain enough what he must think, and that is that the colored soldiers, by refusing to divulge who did the shooting at Brownsville, absolutely destroyed their usefulness as soldiers and deserved their discharge.

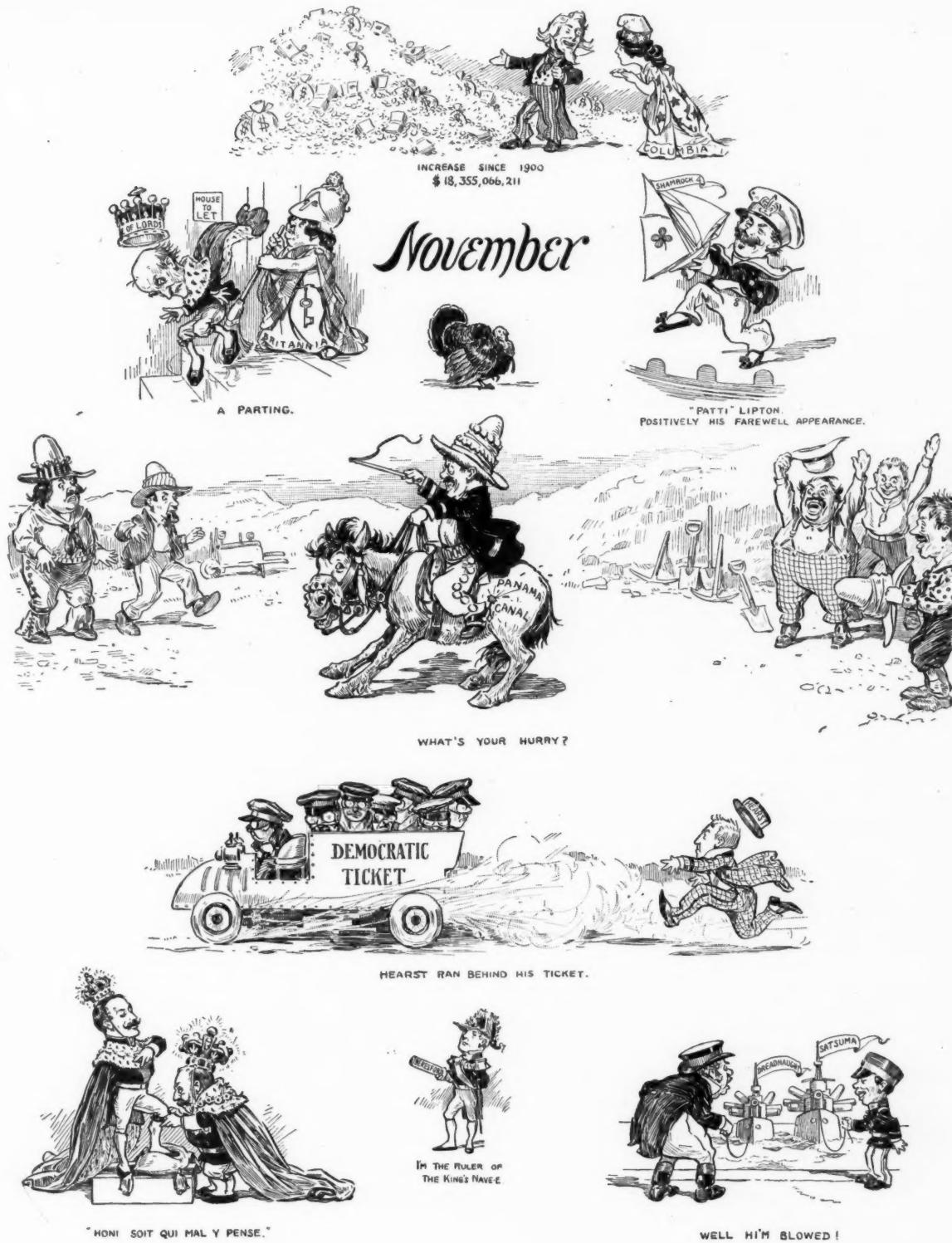


TO THE lay mind the refusal to give information about a comrade's crime is a kind of an offense that makes a good appearance as a virtue. Most of us respect the soldiers who would not tell more than we should respect them if they had told. Nevertheless, we should remember that the case, as it presented itself to the President, was a case of murder; that the conspiracy of silence throughout the three companies prevented the detection of the culprits, and left every member of the companies under suspicion. When any one of us, for reasons that seem to him good, refuses to testify in court as to matters that we know about we expect to suffer for it. A term of imprisonment is a common penalty in such cases, and self-respect is often thought to have been cheaply protected at such a price. Could these soldiers who refused to testify expect to enjoy that privilege without any inconvenience whatever? They shielded their guilty comrades, and won the sympathy of all the country, but they defeated justice. Was it not necessary that they should pay some penalty to justice?

The President evidently considered that it was necessary, and since, in addition, they had pretty much destroyed their usefulness as garrison troops, he ordered them discharged under conditions that deprived them of the privilege of reenlistment.

Was that too severe a punishment? Would anything less have answered? The President's action on the facts that were given him was probably justified. But the facts seem to be largely guess-work. Nothing has been proved, not even the conspiracy of silence.

We guess Jerome would not have done it.



## • LIFE •

## Bein' Kep' In

TAINT nothin' much t' brag about,  
Bein' kep' in after school,  
An' it comes so kinder nachral  
Makes me feel just like a fool:  
I'm kep' in if I go t' whisper,  
Kep' in if I come 'long late,  
I'm kep' in fer droppin' glasses  
An' fer shufflin' in my gait.

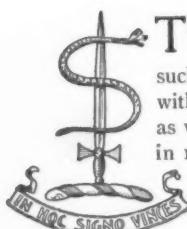
Seems like teacher's mighty mean  
'R something of the kind,  
T' keep a feller waxin' there  
Half an hour 'r more behind:  
I'm kep' in fer missin' a word,  
Kep' in fer losin' the place,  
I'm kep' in fer settin' scroochy,  
An' fer daubin' up my face.

Somehow she's a way of tellin'  
When a ball game's in the wind,  
'R when there's plans t' go fishin'  
An' I got the bait all tinned:  
I'm kep' in fer borrowin' of Jim,  
Kep' in fer lendin' t' Jane,  
Kep' in fer drawin' fish pickshurs,  
An' hopin' t' Jack 'twon't rain.

I tell you my pa he don't know  
What a slipp'ry path I run;  
If he did, I bet a dollar  
He'd wonder hard where's the fun;  
But we know all right, don't we, kids?  
Betcher happy life we do!  
We ain't the only ones stayin'—  
Fer our teacher's kep' in, too!

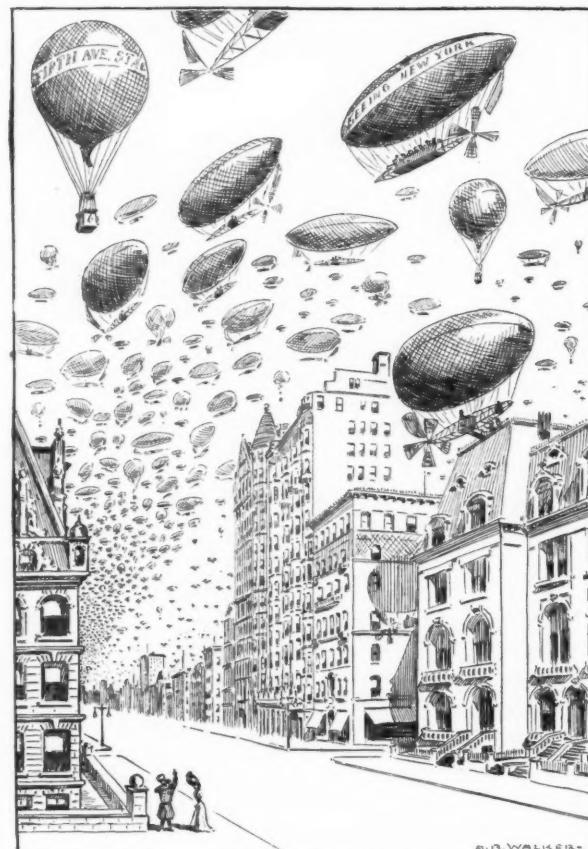
Charles Curtis Fraser.

## The Pay of the Army



THE rate of pay for the army was fixed in 1872. The intention at that time was to afford officers such incomes as would enable them and their families with due economy to keep up such a standard of living as was suited to their profession. It was not intended in 1872 to arrange things so that officers could get rich on their pay, but merely to afford them a decent living during their period of active service. But since 1872 the cost of living has nearly doubled. Under the beneficent operation of a high protective tariff officers' uniforms cost at least half as much again as they did then, and frequent and ambitious changes of uniform have made it necessary for officers to buy many more clothes than they did thirty-five years ago. Changes of station, also, are more frequent now than then. The long journey to the Philippines comes to almost every officer every few years. He must either take his family with him or provide for their separate maintenance at home. As we understand it, recent railroad legislation makes it unlawful for most railroads to issue passes or half-rate tickets, which again increases the family expenses of the army officers.

The upshot of it all is that the younger officers are not able to support a wife on their pay, and have been semiofficially warned to cleave to the celibate state, while older officers with



FIFTH AVENUE IN THE FUTURE

dependent families and no private means are harassed by poverty.

The fact that the pay of the army has not been changed for thirty-five years really means that in that period it has been reduced at least one-third. It ought to be restored. As it stands it is not sufficient for officers to live on as they are expected, and, indeed, constrained, to live. It takes super-human prudence for most of them to keep out of debt.

The army with us is not a fashionable profession which affords an attractive career for the sons of rich people. It is a fairly hard-working, self-denying calling, in which living wages are earned and ought to be paid.

## Full Relief Granted

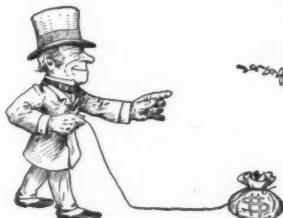
When you divorce the peer, divorce the title, too.—LIFE.

IT IS gratifying to observe that the lady who was lately Countess de Castellane has been authorized by decree of a French court to be known hereafter as Mme. Gould. If that was her choice it was the choice most favorable to self-respect.

Castellane Case All In.—Newspaper Headline.

AND seems to be true also of Boni.

**Christian Fortunes**



THE question, "Should Christians make fortunes?" has been under discussion in London, with George Bernard Shaw arguing firmly for the negative.

Why not? Why should the Jews and the Pittsburg millionaires have all the money!

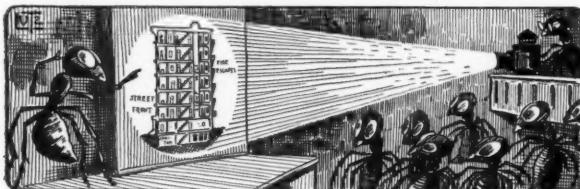
What we need in this country is more Christians who can make fortunes, and make them without violence to the Golden Rule. We need them urgently for the encouragement of the rest of the population in Christian living. We have, indeed, Mr. Rockefeller's example and Mr. Morgan's and some others, but in these cases, though the fortunes are actual and ample, carpers misdoubt that Christian principles may have yielded in some details of acquisition to the overbearing attractions of the dough. Even Mr. Harriman's success is not quite so reassuring as it ought to be.

Making a big fortune is apt to be rather a dirty job. Anybody who manages to do it clean-handed deserves to be esteemed as a bulwark of virtue.

**Mob Law**

**M**AJOR WEAVER, of Philadelphia, has declined to permit "The Clansman" to be played any longer in that city because it hurts the feelings of negro residents. A thousand negroes expressed their wounded feelings by rioting outside and inside of the old Walnut Street Theatre; and the Mayor, finding it easier to stop the play than to stop the riots, closed the doors and bade "The Clansman" withdraw.

It is a curious precedent to establish. This "reconstruction" drama is not the first play which has hurt the feelings of somebody. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been for years deeply offensive to Southerners. "Dante" and "The Sorceress" offended all Roman Catholics who had not humor enough to be amused by the absurdity of such misrepresentations. If it lies in the power of a mob to close a playhouse, and interfere with the privileges of nonriotous citizens, then laws are of slight avail. It's up to the Mayor of Philadelphia to keep peace in its streets and in its theatres, whether everybody likes the plays or not.



**IN THE ANTS' NEST**

*Lecturer: OUR NEXT PICTURE, MY DEAR FRIENDS, IS A SECTIONAL VIEW OF A SO-CALLED TENEMENT DWELLING ERECTED AND INHABITED BY A GIGANTIC INSECT CALLED MAN. NOTE THE VERY UNSCIENTIFIC AND USELESS CONSTRUCTION. COMPETENT INVESTIGATORS WHO HAVE MADE A STUDY OF THIS CREATURE SAY THAT THE OVERCROWDING OF THESE BUILDINGS WITH LIVING BEINGS IS SOMETHING FRIGHTFUL, AND THE SUBSEQUENT DISEASE AND MORTALITY REACH A MOST ASTOUNDING DEGREE OF GREWSOMENESS. BUT LET US PITIY AND NOT DESPISE THOSE CREATURES WHO HAVE NOT REACHED THAT PERFECTION AND COMPLETENESS IN THE SOCIAL LIFE AND GOVERNMENT AS IS SHOWN IN OUR OWN HIGHLY DEVELOPED AND ADMIRABLY CONDUCTED ANT CIVILIZATION.*



"SEEING NEW YORK"—1610

**Help It Along**

**T**HREE is a lot of fun going on with simplified spelling. But why kick? It is bound to come. Ordinary human sympathy with our own children trying to learn the language seems a sufficient argument. Moreover, as Mr. Brander Matthews has said:

"When the people at large are once convinced that our present spelling does harm to the children, that it wastes the time and money of men and women and that it tends to prevent the adoption of English as the world language of the future—when that happy hour shall arrive, improvement will follow at once, spontaneously and unhesitatingly."

And Mr. Matthews puts his finger on a tender spot:

"If any real advance is to be made in the next few years it must begin with the young. The more mature will rarely take the trouble to adopt the simpler spelling; they have wasted time in acquiring a mastery of our present orthography and they are unwilling to spend any more in acquainting themselves with the latest improvements. Even if they are in sympathy with these improvements, even if they have conquered their natural prejudice in favor of the spelling to which they have long been accustomed, still they feel themselves too old to learn new tricks."

Don't refuse to help others because you have had a hard time yourself.

### An Overenergetic Government Official

LIFE'S advertisement offering a photogravure proof to every new subscriber has roused the ire of some wise official of the Post Office Department who apparently wishes to demonstrate to his superiors that he is earning his salary.

As originally put out, the advertisement stated that the first one hundred impressions from the plate would be signed by the artist, numbered, and sent to the one hundred persons who first sent in their remittances for subscriptions. The offer was worded as follows:

"To the First One Hundred Subscribers—The first one hundred proofs of the picture will be numbered, bearing remarque and artist's signature. They will be printed on India paper and will be sent to the *first one hundred new subscribers* under this offer."

The advertisement appeared in a large number of periodicals. As soon as they were offered for sale on the newsdealers' stands the wise man of the Post Office Department promptly notified their respective publishers that the periodicals would be excluded from the mails, as they contained LIFE's wicked and corrupting advertisement. They were solemnly informed by implication that if they did not obey the order of the wise official, it would be enforced by all the power of the United States Government, including the Army, the Navy, the Marines and the submarines; likewise, that they and their employees and their families and friends, even to the third and fourth generations, stood in danger of the wrath of the United States Government.

What was the cause of the disturbance in the Post Office Department? It appears that the busy office-holder had made up his mind that for LIFE to offer one hundred proofs to the first hundred subscribers as a recognition of their promptness in sending their remittances was a wicked, corrupting and pernicious lottery!

Now, a lottery is not a nice thing, as we all know, and this clever official of the Post Office Department deserves great credit for discovering that LIFE had gone into the lottery business.

LIFE is going to help the wise man along in his search for the wicked. It seems rather mean to turn informer, but LIFE is quite as conscientious as the Post Office man and does not shrink from its duty. It knows a certain school teacher who has offered prizes to those of the boys and girls under her instruction who shall be promptest in getting to school. The Post Office Department ought to keep its eye on that teacher. She hasn't used the United States mails yet for promoting her lottery, but she might. There is no estimating the amount of corruption she is sowing in the minds of the youth of the land. She and LIFE should be sent to adjoining cells in the Post Office Department's bastile.

If President Roosevelt wishes to promote the wise and energetic office-holder who has discovered that LIFE has gone into the lottery business, he should have no difficulty in finding out who he is.

LIFE would be glad to print both the name and portrait of this distinguished Post Office official. As an officious meddler with private business he deserves distinction.



### Another Boon

SOME things die hard.

Koch's cure for tuberculosis was full of vigor while alive, but it died easily.

Pasteur's cure for hydrophobia, in cases where there was no hydrophobia, worked marvels in producing real lockjaw.

Antitoxin, first as a cure, then as a deadly poison, is having its last gasps as a popular beverage.

Vaccination, to the delight of a few and disgust of many, still holds the stage.

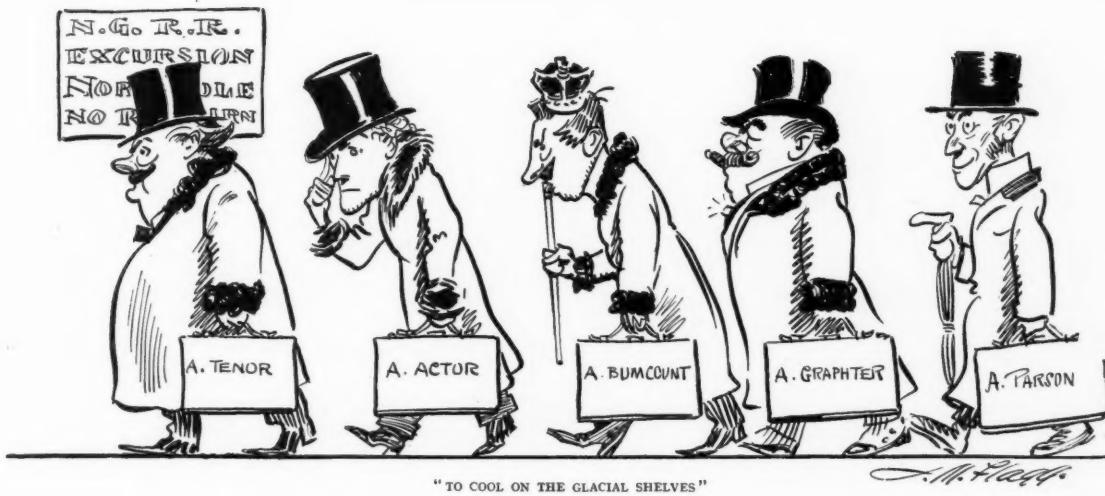
Now, there is a new one; another triumph of vivisection. The London *Abolitionist* says:

"Tulase is a new word, the name of the latest discovery of the well-known discoverer of the most celebrated of the so-called triumphs of vivisectonal research. Tulase is actually a toxin obtained from tubercle bacilli, differing from and the successor of Koch's tuberculin. Koch's discovery was the great boom of its day and drew, with its loud promise of a safe cure, tens of thousands of consumptives to Berlin, until the slaughter of thousands upon thousands convinced even the credulous medical enthusiast that there was death, not life, in Koch's treatment. The treatment was quietly discontinued, and the lesson remains unlearned, and a boom in tulase may be expected to set in before long. It is to be tried on hospital patients, whom the Germans call very significantly, 'beasts of research.' Sheep first, 'beasts of research' or hospital patients next, finally the general public—this is the natural and usual course with vivisectonal experiment. It will take some time at this rate to reduce the new remedy to the discredited position of Koch's previous discovery."

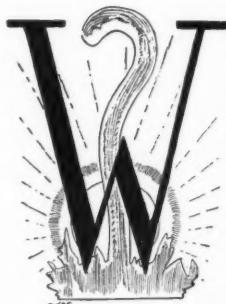
All which would be very amusing were it only comedy instead of tragedy.

THERE is one woman at least who no longer cares for the song:

"My Boni lies over the ocean."



## Polar Possibilities



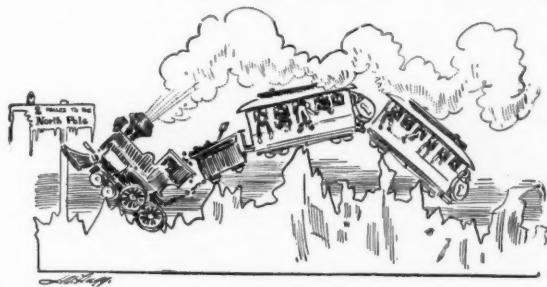
WHEN some one at last shall discover  
The Pole's uninhabited realm  
And Fame's frosty pinions shall hover  
On somebody's ice-faring helm,  
When the North shall surrender to Peary,  
Who stands on his ultimate goal,  
Then a murmur shall rise from the weary,  
"Now, what shall we do with the Pole?"

"Shall we make it a dumping-ground spacious  
For authors who ought not to write  
The plays that are weak but salacious,  
Depending on plots that are slight?  
Can't we chain to that boreal pinnace  
The artists who torture the soul  
Attempting to imitate Inness?  
Oh, what shall we do with the Pole?"

"Perhaps we might send to that region,  
To cool on the glacial shelves,  
The tenors and actors, a legion,  
Who ardently worship themselves,  
The pastors who flirt with their choirs,  
The millionaires anxious to roll  
Among the low-living high-flyers—  
Oh, what shall we do with the Pole?"

"Or couldn't we gather from Paris  
The Boni-fide gamblers of rank  
Who lure the American heiress,  
Intent upon wrecking the bank?  
The grafter who prosters by yelling,  
'Stop, thief!' to conceal what he stole;  
The angels of simplified spelling—  
What couldn't we do with the Pole?"

Ah, yes, there is need for a hero  
To gather the folk we deplore,  
To lead them to latitude zero  
And leave them on ice evermore.  
To travel might give them diversion,  
And gladly we'd pay for their toll  
And send off a daily excursion—  
There's plenty of room at the Pole! *Wallace Irwin.*



# LONGEVITY THE RULES FOR ITS ATTAINMENT



DO NOT  
OVER WORK.

CHEW EACH MOUTHFUL  
33 TIMES & SAUN RICH GRAVIES.



SMOKE AT LEAST  
ONE GOOD CIGAR DAILY  
IF YOU WOULD ACHIEVE  
A RIPP OLD AGE.

CHOP  $\frac{1}{2}$  CORD OF  
WOOD EVERY MORNING  
BEFORE BREAKFAST -  
OUT-OF-DOORS & YOU  
KEEP HEALTHY - LOOK

EXPERIMENT

LIFE.





## Another Argument Goes on the Stage

**M**R. E. H. HARRIMAN should put his arms around Mr. Sam Gompers's neck and tell him that he has no feeling for him except the deepest affection. Mr. Sam Gompers should implant a reverential kiss upon Mr. Harriman's corrugated brow and assure him that the workingman has none but kindly sentiments for the capitalist, and that all that Mr. Harriman does is for the best. At least, this is a fair inference from Mr. Charles Klein's new play, "The Daughters of Men."

Last week LIFE had a few words to say on the revolutionary suggestions concerning the institution of matrimony embodied in Mr.

Langdon Mitchell's very clever and laughable satirical comedy, "The New York Idea." Mr. Klein's play, which is neither so laughter-inspiring nor so bitter, is also a social tract. Unlike, however, most of the wise men who in play, book and magazine propose, at one fell stroke, to do away with everything that is, in the expectation that what may be after their speedy work is done will at all events be better than what was before they took charge of this terrestrial sphere, Mr. Klein really gets somewhere. His work is almost as much construction as destruction. He gives us a picture of things as they are, with naughty and arrogant capital contemptuously snapping its fingers at embittered and vindictive labor. Capital is represented by snobbish young men in the second generation of the newly rich and labor by union men of the walking delegate type.

Between these are a daughter of capital and a daughter of labor, each somewhat imbued with the convictions of her class, these softened by the love each bears for a young lawyer, who, out of affection for the downtrodden "peepul," has given up his profession and become the advocate of the oppressed. He reciprocates the affection of the daughter of capital, which lessens his usefulness in the opinion of the walking delegates and his association with these last makes him a *persona non grata* with the snobbish young capitalists. The gods from the car, who are kept rather in the background in the early stages of the story, are an elderly capitalistic uncle of the young employers and the head centre of the labor unions, who get together in the last act and bring order out of chaos by pronouncing the doctrine that the way to settle labor troubles is for the capitalist and the workingman to love one another as themselves.

\* \* \*

**I**T WILL thus be seen that Mr. Klein goes a little further than his contemporaries who have discovered that there are wrongs in the world which ought to be righted, and who propose to right them by turning the entire social fabric upside down. He actually suggests a remedy, namely, to love one's neighbor better than one's self. There is no doubt that Mr. Klein's remedy would be

effective. The only trouble is that it might be found a trifle difficult to make the ordinary human capitalist prefer a loss to a profit. And, also, it might not be easy to make the walking delegate substitute the kiss of peace for the convenient brickbat and call the strike-breaker "dear brother" instead of "scab." Mr. Klein's kind of preaching at least is better than the propaganda of his world-reforming contemporaries in the respect that even if it is not practicable and can accomplish nothing, it is soothing instead of calculated to stir up class hatred and sow anarchy.

\* \* \*



MR. DELMORE

**F**OR the purposes of a play which as a play is possible only to-day when the public is very much interested in these questions and will endure hearing them discussed on the stage, Mr. Klein's problem and its solution serve for dramatic material. At another period it would be deemed talky and dull and would not be listened to. But the author of "The Lion and the Mouse" shows very considerable expertness in sugar-coating his pill and deals skilfully with a public that loves to be deceived into thinking that it is thinking. The ponderous utterances of his hero, who frankly confesses that he is the product of a Western college and thereby explains his fondness for using the long word where the short one would be better, pass for wisdom with those in front of the footlights as well as with the sham workmen behind them. In drawing these latter types of American citizens Mr. Klein's is considerably more successful than with his representatives of the more luxurious classes. The former are clean-cut and easily recognizable; the others do not exist very often outside of the chapters of romances dear to the hearts of the working-girl and elevator boy. The plot of the play is of rather hackneyed sort, depending for its main interest on the customary concealment of ladies innocently visiting the apartments of the young man in whom they are interested.

\* \* \*



MISS SHANNON

"*The Daughters of Men*" is satisfactorily acted. The hero, John Stedman, falls to the lot of Mr. Orrin Johnson. The character, in the contending incidents of the play, has much the same function as a football in a college match; that is, his work is purely objective and does not call for great subjective force. Nobody could be especially brilliant in it, and Mr. Johnson is sufficient. Mr. Kelcey as the older capitalist, who believed in molasses as a more attractive medium than vinegar, was better fitted with a part than usual of late. Effie Shannon as *Grace Crosby*,

the daughter of capital, successfully demonstrated the author's conception of patrician breeding. The most successful delineations, because drawn on broader and more human lines, were his three union workmen. Mr. Ralph Delmore as *Burress*, the most brutal and brutal of these, gave an excellent performance, and the

*Stolbeck* and *Lackett* of Messrs. Ahrendt and Morrison were also realistically portrayed. Dorothy Donnelly again demonstrated her all-around ability, this time as the daughter of a union man, who has been fed on Karl Marks, Debs and other social-

istic writing until she is able to use them as arguments for doing what she wants to do instead of obeying her father or any one else. Even in the scene where apparently she was overacting, she was in drawing with the sort of bringing-up she had received. Not at all a bad piece of impersonation was



MISS DONNELLY



MR. KELCEY



THE PASSING OF THE HORSE

the Western head of the combined unions, impersonated by Mr. Deyo. He represented the workingman side of the author's idea of how to settle labor troubles with soothing syrup.

As a sociological tract Mr. Klein's play at least has the merit, even if it does not provide an immediate solution to all our difficulties, of not hastening the approach of the guillotine. As a dramatic work it will succeed because it is of the day and its story is not entirely submerged in its preaching. It is highly interesting and entirely innocuous.

\* \* \*

**I**F ALL the old admirers of the "Boston Ideals" and "The Bostonians" who recall the work of Barnabee and Macdonald in those companies could attend the matinee benefit for Mr. Barnabee and Mr. Macdonald's widow, on the afternoon of December 11, at the Broadway Theatre, that house would be filled over and over again. It is said that Americans haven't much loyalty to their stage favorites. Here's a chance to demonstrate the contrary.

Metcalfe.



*Academy of Music*—Mr. Wright Lorimer in "The Shepherd King," Biblical play handsomely mounted and fairly well acted.

*Astor*—Charles Klein's "The Daughters of Men." See opposite.

*Belasco*—"The Rose of the Rancho," by David Belasco and R. W. Tully. Notice later.

*Bijou*—May Irwin in "Mrs. Wilson-Andrews." Laughable and with amusing songs.

*Casino*—Mr. James T. Powers in "The Blue Moon." Musical play of the customary type.

*Empire*—Mr. Pinero's "His House in Order," with Mr. John Drew as the star. English domestic drama. For the most part well acted.

*Garden*—Puccini's "Madam Butterfly," English grand opera elaborately staged and very well sung.

*Garrick*—Mr. William Gillette in "Clarice." Very light comedy gracefully done.

*Hackett*—Rose Stahl in the title part of "The Chorus Lady." Very diverting play of the swifter phase of New York life.

*Herald Square*—"About Town" and burlesque of "The Great Divide." Extremely agreeable and laughable entertainment.

*Hippodrome*—"Neptune's Daughter" and "Pioneer Days." Notice later.

*Lincoln Square*—"The Eastman Case." Notice later.

*Lyric*—Mrs. Fiske in "The New York Idea." Extremely clever satirical comedy. Admirably acted.

*Madison Square*—Carlotta Nillson and excellent company in "The Three of Us." Most interesting and well staged naturalistic drama of American life.

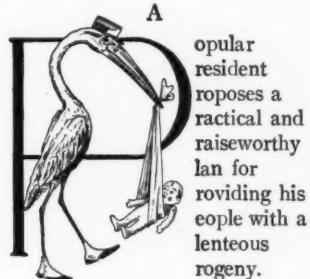
*Majestic*—Last week of "The Tourists." Fairly amusing and handsomely mounted musical piece.

*Manhattan*—"Clothes," by Messrs. Hopwood and Pollock. Grace George as the star in amusing society play of contemporary New York life.

*Princess*—"The Great Divide." Miss Margaret Anglin, Mr. Henry Miller and unusually good cast in problem play of life in the West.

*Weber's*—Revival of "Twiddle-Twaddle" and "The Squaw Man's Girl of the Golden West." Fun and burlesque.

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## THE LATEST BOOKS



ONE of the books which no American who is an interested or even a curious observer of his country and his contemporaries should fail to read, is H. G. Wells's *The Future in America*. The title, however, although expressive of the author's original intention, is misleading. It is not at all into a forecast of the future that Mr. Wells's book has shaped itself, but into an analysis of the present, a frank, level-headed, forceful diagnosis and dissection. Near enough to us, both in blood and bias, to understand the sources and share the impulses of our development, Mr. Wells is far enough removed to be an unprejudiced observer and intellectually equipped to be an instructive one. As a matter of fact he has interpreted us to ourselves as no writer, native or alien, has done in recent years.

In the writing of *Ring in the New*, the latest picture of the English underworld by Richard Whiteing, author of *No. 5 John Street* and of *The Yellow Van*, the sociologist seems to have gotten the upper hand of the novelist with the result that the book will be likely to prove no thoroughfare to many readers whom this author's excellent fictions have beguiled into envisaging his revelations. *Ring in the New* is the story of a young girl of somewhat helpless refinement, thrown on her own in the London slums, where she encounters some conditions and listens to many theories. One might be happy with either the story or the arguments were t'other dear charmer away, but the combination is neither fish, flesh nor good red socialism.

*Rich Men's Children* is the title of Geraldine Bonner's latest novel of pioneer California, in this case a tale of the second generation and of the present time. Miss Bonner has, from the first, been concerned with the private and personal aspects of that rough and effective humanity which made first the Sierras and then San Francisco their own. She is no exploiter of adventurous romance but rather the chronicler and in a modest way the interpreter of these same adventurers when off duty. Her descriptive and decorative passages are somewhat overabundant but she can see straight to the end of her story and her characters, while not arrestingly individualized, are flesh and blood actors in a sordid but typical and thoroughly believable drama.

The little comedy which E. V. Lucas has outlined in the collected correspondence published as *Listener's Lure* is one of the books which a conscientious reviewer is obliged to praise for its merits and yet advise the majority of his readers to leave alone. So many of the letters in this fictional mosaic are delightfully indicative of their supposed writers, and so many of them are critically and intrinsically interesting, that one can

not but praise them. Yet the story which they connote is, as a story, rather trite and rather obvious and like most stories told in letters makes the reader work too hard to keep track of who is who.

*Two Legs* is a Darwinian fairy tale by Carl Ewald, a Danish writer lately discovered by the translators and apparently something of a find. It gives the experiences of man among the animals in a primitive world in which the Garden of Eden has evidently not figured. It is one of those double-ender, clinker-built tales intended for navigating the waters which lie between childhood and maturity. Maturity reads it aloud to childhood; childhood listens with rounded eyes and maturity and the author smile at each other between the lines.

*Letters to Women in Love*, the title of Mrs. John Van Vorst's new book, suggests possibilities of bright tea-cup philosophy or of verbal archery with fun-tipped arrows. Mrs. Van Vorst, however, is nothing if not practical and worships Minerva, not Diana. When she has any advice to give, she administers it neat, with a spoon. It is said that Wisdom is justified of her children but women in love are kittle cattle and we have our doubts.

King Edward VII recently remarked to the Home Secretary that the game of Skat had decided advantages over Bridge. Of course it is provoking to have to change just as we were beginning to recoup some of our educational outlay but there is no use in knocking. By a lucky chance (as the superstitious will say) or Providentially (as the religious will put it) R. F. Foster has just added *Foster's Skat Manual* to his long list of guides to bankruptcy and forehand persons will buy one and begin to bone up.

J. B. Kerfoot.

*The Future in America*, by H. G. Wells. (Harper and Brothers. \$2.00.)

*Ring in the New*, by Richard Whiteing. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

*Rich Men's Children*, by Geraldine Bonner. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

*Listener's Lure*, by E. V. Lucas. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

*Two Legs*, from the Danish of Carl Ewald. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.)

*Letters to Women in Love*, by Mrs. John Van Vorst. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

*Foster's Skat Manual*, by R. F. Foster. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)



"WHEN YOUR WISDOM TOOTH PAINS YOU, UNCLE THOMAS, IS IT A WISEACRE?"



IN A NEW YORK RESTAURANT

"WHO ARE THOSE PEOPLE, ISADORE?"  
"AMERICANS. THEY SEEM TO BE PUSHING IN EVERYWHERE."



#### SUITABLE TIMBER

Wood pulp is made into paper, and so trees become books. For problem novels, knotty trees are most appropriate. For soulful works—the pine. For country yarns—old hickory. For schoolboy stories—the birch. For animal tales—the dogwood. For necrologies—the weeping willow. For sporting articles—the boxwood. For books on style—the spruce. For seaside books—the beech. For joke books—the chestnut.—*Boston Transcript*.

#### WHY THE LECTURE ENDED

A certain professor was giving his pupils a lecture on "Scotland and the Scots." "These hardy men," he said, "think nothing of swimming across the Tay three times every morning before breakfast."

Suddenly a loud burst of laughter came from the center of the hall, and the professor, amazed at the idea of any one daring to interrupt him in the middle of his lecture, angrily asked the offender what he meant by such conduct.

"I was just thinking, sir," replied the lad, "that the poor Scotch chaps would find themselves on the wrong side for their clothes when they landed!"—*Lippincott's*.

#### JUST CLOTHES

No one can possibly deny that clothes have a barometric effect upon one's self-respect and temper. The workman in his "Sunday best" feels much more important than he does in his workaday attire; the poor revel in the respectability of new mourning; a new hat will revive the spirits of most women, whatever may be their station in life, and every woman feels the more satisfied with herself and has a greater sense of dignity when she is conscious of being *bien mise*.—*Lady's Pictorial of London*.

#### LONELINESS OF PERFECTION

It was the day of a grand parade of a certain section of the Boys' Brigade. The company was marching proudly through the streets. Suddenly one of the boys happened to look down at the instructor's feet. "Will you excuse me mentioning it, sir," he remarked, "but you are the only one in step?"—*London Globe*.

CURRAN, when Master of the Rolls in Ireland, was going one day to a levee at the Castle. There was a great press of carriages, when all at once he was startled by the pole of the carriage which followed him crashing through the back of his. He hastily put his head out of the window, crying to his coachman: "Stop, stop, the pole of the carriage behind is driven into us." "Arrah, then, it's all right again, your honor," said Pat, "for I've just driv my pole into the carriage before."—*Independent*.

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#### MONEY TO BURN

The big touring car had just whizzed by with a roar like a gigantic rocket, and Pat and Mike turned to watch it disappear in a cloud of dust.

"Thim chug wagons must cost a hape av cash," said Mike. "The rich is fairly burnin' money."

"An' be the smell av it," sniffed Pat, "it must be thot tainted money we do be hearin' so much about."—*Success*.



SOL PERKINS, A RETIRED FARMER, WAS HELD UP AND SANDBAGGED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT. THE AFFAIR WAS HIGH-HANDED, BUT THOUGH HE WAS TURNED UPSIDE DOWN AND UNMERCIFULLY SHAKEN UP, THEY SECURED NO CASH, ONLY HOOKING SOME OF HIS WARDROBE, WITH WHICH THEY HAVE FLOWN. DETECTIVES ARE LOOKING THEM UP, AND 'TIS THOUGHT THEY WILL SOON BE BROUGHT TO EARTH.

#### THAT WAS DIFFERENT

LANDLADY: I will let this excellent room at reduced rates because there is a woman next door who plays the piano continually.

APPLICANT: Oh, that won't make any difference! The room is for my nephew here, and he is deaf.

"Ah, in that case I must charge the full price!"—*Baltimore Telegram*.

CUSTOMER: I want a piece of meat without fat, bone or gristle.

CLERK: You'd better have an egg, ma'am.—*New York Mail*.

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#### HE WAS CURED

A certain clergyman in Richmond has had in his employ so long a time a negro named Julian that the latter has come to regard himself as something of a confidential adviser to the divine.

Early one Sunday morning the pastor awoke feeling decidedly ill. After a futile attempt at breakfast, he summoned his old and faithful servant, saying:

"Julian, I want you to go to my assistant, Mr. Blank, and tell him that, as I am unwell, he will officiate for me in this morning's service."

At this Julian demurred, and, after some argument, persuaded his master that he would feel better if he officiated as usual. This the latter did, and, as predicted by the darky, he did return home feeling much better.

"Youse better, sah?" asked the servant, meeting his master at the door.

"Very much better, thank you, Julian."

The darky grinned. "What did I tell you, sah? I knew you'd be all right jest as soon as you got that sermon outer your system."—*Success*.

#### WOULDN'T BUY HIS GOLD

In an argument with some of his friends a London clubman a century ago maintained that Londoners were so preoccupied and so skeptical that they would fail to buy gold if it was placed on sale in the streets at a ridiculous undervaluation. To prove his contention, he wagered that he would stand on London Bridge for an entire day with a trayful of sovereigns fresh from the mint and be unable to sell them at a penny apiece.

The day had gone well into the afternoon when a nursemaid approached and bought the first and only gold piece that was disposed of, in order to quiet a crying infant.—*Sunday Magazine*.

WHEN Blaine was a young lawyer, and cases were few, he was asked to defend a poverty-stricken tramp accused of stealing a watch. He pleaded with all the ardor at his command, drawing so pathetic a picture with such convincing energy that at the close of his argument the court was in tears, and even the tramp wept. The jury deliberated but a few minutes, and returned the verdict "not guilty." Then the tramp drew himself up, tears streaming down his face as he looked at the future "Plumed Knight," and said: "Sir, I have never heard so grand a plea. I have not cried before since I was a child. I have no money with which to reward you, but (drawing a package from the depths of his ragged clothes) here's that watch; take it and welcome."—*Argonaut*.

AN ENGLISHMAN was sent out on a journey to take a parcel to a place about twelve miles from Maldon, Essex, a little town near the coast. As he started rather late in the day, his master was surprised to see him back soon after dark. "You surely haven't been there and back," his employer said to him. "No, no, master," the man replied, "I got half-way ther and it began to git dark, so I com'd back agin. I'll goo tother half termorrer."—*Independent*.

THE latest New York assassin declares that the man he killed was a member of the Black Hand. Until this shall be determined the authorities do not know whether to regard his deed as a crime or a benefaction.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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AND

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Anne Warner	Mary Moss
Mabel Herbert Urner	Arthur Sullivant Hoffman

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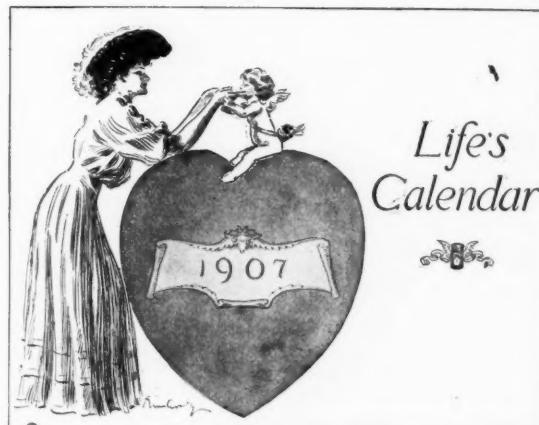
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#### THE WORST

Thomas Watkins, of Princeton, Ind., is engaged in the odd business of furnishing foxes to fashionable hunting clubs.

Mr. Watkins was talking the other day about a certain master of the hounds.

"A strange man," said the fox purveyor. "A cool one, and no mistake."

"His wife last week fell ill, and the doctor was sent for. The doctor, after he had seen the lady, said to the huntsman:

"Your wife is in rather a bad way." He hesitated. Then he went on solemnly: "Do you want to know the worst?"

"Certainly," said the husband, "certainly. Tell me the worst—is it to be Palm Beach or the Riviera?"—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

**THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY:** The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

"LATHERUS," said Brother Dickey, "lay down at de rich man's gate, didn't he?"

"He sho' did!"

"An' how did de rich man treat him?"

"Never once knowed he wuz dar!"

"An' war is dat rich man now?"

"Looky yer, Bre'r Dickey," said the weak member, as he fumbled in his pockets, "ef you 'bleege ter have dat 60 cents right off—yer it is! Take it, an' go yo' ways!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

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A TRAVELING salesman died suddenly in Pittsburg, Pa., and some of his friends telegraphed the undertaker an order to make a large wreath. Investigation showed that the telegram ordering the wreath read as follows:

"Rest in peace, on both sides of the ribbon; if there should be room: 'We shall meet in heaven.'"

The undertaker was out of town, and the new assistant handled the job. It was a startling floral piece which turned up at the funeral. The ribbon was extra wide, and it bore the inscription:

"Rest in peace on both sides, and if there is room we shall meet in heaven."—*Independent*.

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#### FAIR PLAY

An attaché of the American Embassy at London tells a story of a butler in the employ of a fine old English family, whose long service had inculcated in him a personal and proprietary interest in the sons and daughters of the house.

Once, on the occasion of a large dinner party, the conscientious butler observed that one of the members of the family, a young girl who had but recently entered society, was devoting an amount of attention to her agreeable neighbor on the right obviously in excess of that accorded to the less fascinating man on her left. This fact perturbed the butler to a degree that could no longer be borne in silence. So, under pretense of passing the culprit a dish, the butler managed to whisper respectfully in her ear:

"A little more conversation to the left, miss."—*Harper's Weekly*.

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"Oh, no; just let me know what day is most convenient for you."

"Sunday."

"Very well. Come every Sunday."—*Il Riso*.

"WHEN a boy has a fight, mother says 'Did you get hurt?' Father says, 'Did you spoil your clothes?' Brother says, 'Did you lick him?'"—*From A Cheerful Year Book*.

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### Bancroft's Answer

I HAVE just heard a good mot—it is not more than a mot—of Bancroft, the American historian, who is now United States Minister at Berlin. Loftus (our Ambassador there) thought, I suppose, that the Yankee was a fair, and would be an easy, butt for the shafts of his peculiarly refined wit, so attacks him before a hundred listeners on some public occasion with "In God's name, Mr. Bancroft, why don't you Yankees send your representatives to court like Christians, in a proper uniform, instead of turning them out all dressed in black, like so many undertakers?"

Whereto Bancroft replies: "Really, Lord Augustus, I am surprised that you, as Ambassador of the Queen of England, and with those keen powers of penetration for which you are so generally distinguished, should have failed to perceive that we could not be more appropriately dressed than we are—at European courts, where what we represent is the burial of monarchy."

From the Letters of Lord Lytton.

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A NNUAL sale now on—don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here."

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"Two sisters want washing."

"Wanted—A room by two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad."

"Lost—A collie dog by a man on Saturday answering to Jim, with a brass collar around his neck and a muzzle."

"Wanted—By a respectable girl, her passage to New York; willing to take care of children and a good sailor."

"Respectable widow wants washing on Tuesdays."

"For Sale—A pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs."

"A boy who can open oysters with reference."

"Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."—Our Dumb Animals.

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### Wisdom Solomon Forgot to Put Down

THE man who can keep a full and correct daily expense account that he can look in the face years afterward without blushing is either a misplaced angel or a shameless rogue.

Most people, set at the task of amusing children, do the thing that most amuses themselves and think how stupid the children are for not enjoying it.

The world never looks altogether bad to the man with a brand-new shave.

A great many married couples have nothing in common but their children.

Most people who pose as martyrs because they are hopelessly "misunderstood" are merely smarting from the discovery that somebody has seen clear through them.

The man who claims to have risen superior to egotism has merely taken the thirty-third degree in that characteristic.

The exacting sort of love that demands everything gets, ultimately, nothing.—Chicago News.

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## We Are Growing Younger

THE cheering information is conveyed by a writer in the current *Harper's Weekly* that we, as a people, are younger than we were fifty years ago. The proportion of babies to the total population has, it seems, increased, and the proportion of old people has diminished. Of the babies that are born three now reach the age of five for every two that reached it fifty years ago. Infant mortality has diminished, but old-age mortality has increased. Since 1890 the increase of the death-rate from 60 to 64 is 7 per cent.; from 65 to 69, 6½ per cent.; from 70 to 74, 16½ per cent.; from 75 to 79, 7 per cent.; from 80 to 84, 15 per cent.; from 85 to 89, 12 per cent.; from 90 to 94, 30½ per cent.; from 95 up, 20½ per cent. That is the record that Dr. John V. Shoemaker gleaned from the census of 1890, and corrects by later information procured from Washington. So we die earlier than our grandparents did. The reasons suggested for it are that a larger proportion of weaklings survive infancy, and that life is more luxurious, and the nervous strain of it greater than it used to be.

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## At the Consignee's Risk

THERE used to be in Philadelphia, says a writer in the *Gentleman Farmer*, a commission firm noted for its close dealing. It was a habit with this firm always to demand, or at least to request, some discount from the original bills presented to them.

They dealt for several years with a Rhode Island farmer who sold them live turkeys. One year they ordered dressed birds instead, but it is evident that the clerical force was not informed of the change. A week after the turkeys were shipped the farmer was surprised to receive the usual complaint that four of the turkeys were dead when they arrived, and the request that he deduct the price of them from the bill for the consignment.

"It is with regret," he replied, "that I have to advise you that I cannot make the concession requested."

"It is my custom to require all patrons desiring live dressed turkeys to notify us in advance, so we may forward them in heated cars. Owing to the chill prevailing at Thanksgiving time, turkeys without feathers or insides are liable to take cold if shipped in the ordinary manner. The mortality among dressed turkeys was very large this year."

In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.

## The Unknown Great

AT THE recent gymkana at Simla an "Education Stakes" figured on the programme. Each lady was permitted to invite the assistance of one gentleman in answering the questions, one of which was, "Who is the Under-Secretary of State for India?" Many were the longing glances cast in the direction of the Viceroy when this question was reached, but Lord Minto was not eligible to assist in the competition. In the end it was found that no one had given the answer correctly.—*Vanity Fair*.

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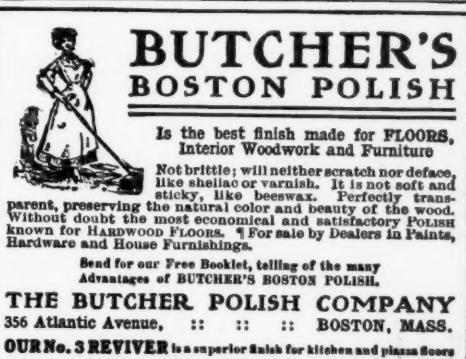
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*An Old Love Song*

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### Rough on the Flies

DR. JOHN H. GIRDNER, the alienist of New York, was visiting an insane-asylum. He met a man in the hall.

"Who are you?" asked Girdner.

"Me?" said the man. "Why, I'm here, but I ain't crazy. Not on your life. All the rest of them are crazy, but not me. I'm an inventor. I have got an invention that will make me so rich that John D. Rockefeller will look like a poor man beside me."

"What is it?" asked Girdner.

"A patent fly-catcher. Greatest thing in the world. Here, I'll show you how it works."

The man took a sheet of paper and drew a birdcage. "That," he said, "is a parrot's cage—just a common cage—but you observe that on this side there is a door with a heavy iron knob, and that there is another door on the other side, also with a heavy iron knob."

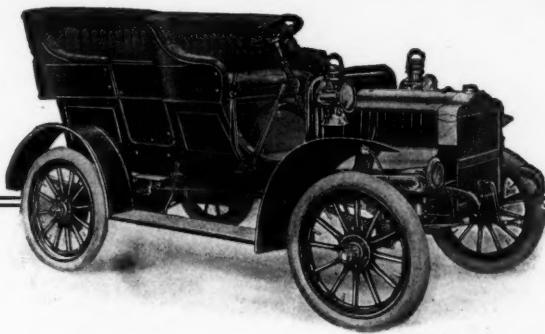
"Now, you see, you take this parrot's cage and put it on a pedestal fourteen feet high, the pedestal standing on a marble slab. Then I place a ladder on this side, reaching up to one door, and a ladder on the other side, leading to the other door."

"This is how it works. The unsuspecting fly comes along and climbs up the ladder on this side. It opens the door by means of the iron knob, walks through the cage and opens the door on the other side. Then it starts down the other ladder."

"That's where we catch him!" the inventor continued excitedly. "That's where the invention is. That's where I shall get my money. You see, the fourth rung is missing in this second ladder, but the fly doesn't know it, and he falls on the marble slab and breaks his neck."

*Saturday Evening Post.*

FOR giving a bridge party a New York lady has been fined "for having conducted a game of chance." The guests are said to be furious at this insult to their skill. In bridge very little is left to chance. In certain circles, we believe, not even the dealing, comments the *London Globe*.



# Non-Stop RECORD Of the World MADE BY *The Maxwell*

3000½ miles (equal to the distance between New York and San Francisco) in 7 days, 7 hours, and 31 minutes, without once stopping the motor, and at a total cost of less than \$50.

This record is officially certified and was made by a 20-H.P. Maxwell Touring car taken from stock and without any special preparation—the same in every particular as the car you buy for \$1450.

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